

# Knapsack, Simple Favor

Sitting close, under hush of mother told me  
We're not waiver  
We load you on cities too much  
It is too  
Take this cross  
Somehow I'm lost without my anchor  
Cut this rope I never wash  
I am sunk with out this anchor  
Now I'm struck with the beauty of this favor  
It is too much  
Now I'm numb wanna cut me with their razors  
Well, they will cut you with their razors  
We spoke soft we lived across i was unstable  
We load you on cities too much  
It is too  
Now I'm struck with the beauty of this favor  
It is too much  
Now I'm numb wanna cut me with their razors  
Well, they will cut you with their razors